Rusch



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SHAKING HIM OFF.



PUCK, PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

CONCERNING OUR SUPERIORITY TO THE LATIN RACES.

DID YOU ever see a quarrel between two to each other? The place to see it is in the Italian quarter of New York, which

lies southward and eastward of the big block covered by the PUCK building. Here, in front of every shop window, a little slanting stand pushes out into the street to display its wares, which are always peculiar, and generally startlingly high in color. This arrangement makes it necessary for the owners of the establishments to keep watch on the outside stock, and so they stand in the doorways a good part of the day, chatting sidewise with their next-door friends. In the nature of things, this chat is not The moment you leave such safe topics as the propriety always amicable. of cooking everything cookable in oil, or the pre-eminent value of garlic as an edible and a perfume, even the most amiable and calm-souled Italians are liable to run up against subjects of conversation that call for a difference of opinion. We will suppose that one such has been run up against. Tony, the candy-seller, and Giovanni, the dealer in fancy notions, have come to a parting of the roads in discussing the policy of the present Italian cabinet. Tony says that it is safely conservative, Giovanni is sure that it is dangerously radical.

The mad shrieks which are considered necessary, among these excitable people, to the expression of any disagreement of opinion, are loud enough to call the women of the neighborhood to the windows. The children who are playing in the gutters and in the middle of the street do not turn their heads, however. Poor little children! They have heard so many wordy combats, and seen so little real fighting come of it all, that they have grown to take a gloomy and resigned view of life; and to believe that their fathers and uncles and big brothers never stab or cut, except in silence and in darkness. It is sad; but they have learned to expect nothing better. But the women - the ever patient, ever hopeful women they hang over the window sills, their dark, tender, sensuous Southern eyes brightening at the prospect of a possible shedding of blood. Tony tells Giovanni that his opinions mean destruction to Italy. Giovanni tells Tony that he is a traitor at the bottom of his heart. Tony tells Giovanni that he is an assassin and the son of an assassin. Giovanni tells Tony that his black heart is a fungus growth of eternal perdition. Tony tells Giovanni that he is a dog. Giovanni tells Tony he is a pig. children in the street begin to prick up their ears in a weary, hopeless way, as if they thought that something might possibly be going to happen, and the women in the windows above get up a clacking that is like the rattling of window-blinds in a hail-storm. Tony rushes into the house to get his revolver, and reappears without it. He announces that he has lent it to a desperado around the corner, but that he has sent for it, and expects to receive it at any moment, when - something too awful for utterance will happen. Giovanni darts into his den to get his razor, but does not succeed in finding it. He remembers, as he explains to the crowd, that he had sent it to the blacksmith's to have a wire-edge put on it, and that the blacksmith is due to bring it back in exactly two minutes. The pen shrinks appalled at telling what is going to happen then.

Whoo-oo-oo-oo-oo!!!!!! The big whistles of the factories are all blowing for noon. The boys pour out with their long sticks hung with beer-cans. The girls run forth to the bakeries and dairies. They stop on their way at the stands of Tony and Giovanni; to buy candy of the one, and to look at the neckties and handkerchiefs and ribbons and pins of the other, with a view to possible purchase after work-hours on pay-day. Are they frightened away by the imminence of a physical encounter between two desperate men? Not in the least.

The imminence has suddenly disappeared, and is no longer imminence. "You no got only fiva dolla billa?" says Giovanni to a customer who is trying to edge out of a bargain: "All a-right! Tony, you giva me fiva doll' change?" "Giva you tenna doll', eef you want," replies Tony. "Pep'mint, molass' cand'! Lot nice t'ing - looka he', prit' lade!"

And the application? Make it for yourself. For seven years this country has been given over, as far as its press and its platform are concerned, to a hot and angry controversy over one question of economics;

and the issue has been made upon one question: Would the reduction of the present customs tariff ruin the country financially, and deliver it over to the hands of Great Britain, or would it not? During this period of seven years the country has gone through various conditions of adversity and prosperity; prosperity and adversity. Now, at the end of a long siege of "hard times," during which a strict and wise economy has averted a panic, we are confronted with this situation:

The reduction of the tariff is about to be made; and while it is not as sweeping as the party now in power originally promised, it is nearly as radical as the reduction promised in 1883 by the party at present out of power, that has ever since been contending that any reduction must be the ruin of the country. And here, at the end of a period of cruel financial stringency, when every employer who saw half a chance to do it cut down wages, and turned down the gas in his front-parlor, in order to look poor, we find this hideous and awful catastrophe impending, and nobody caring one cent for it. Business goes on picking up all over the land. Builders are refusing work because they have their hands full. Working-men are ready and well prepared to strike on the smallest provocation; and the price of real estate has not gone down, to the knowledge of any buyer.

What a comfort it ought to be to us that we quiet, logical, reasonable Anglo-Saxon people don't lose our temper, and exaggerate, and vituperate, and say ten where we mean one, like those passionate, unreasonable, intemperate, unbalanced people of the Latin races! We ought to be proud, indeed - and, of course, we are.

REVISED VERSION.

Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit what Tammany seems to

AN ARGUMENT.

MRS. BROWN-JONES .- If we are to take an active part in public affairs, I suppose we ought to study the tariff. Have you given it any thought?

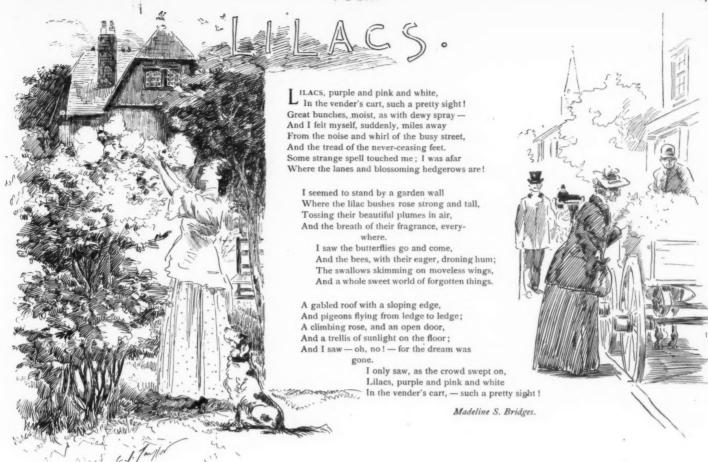
MRS. JONES-BROWN. - Oh, yes! I'm against free trade, because it would make imported gowns so cheap that they would become common.



THE CONSISTENCIES OF JOURNALISM.

MISS WRIGHT (meeting friend on Park Row). - Oh, Mr. Space! It has been a long time since I saw you! What are you doing now? PHIL SPACE.—The old thing; still editor of the Whirt's Woman's

MISS WRIGHT .- I've given up general work. I run the "Man-About-Town Column" for the Adviser.





WAS a rugged, bluff man, representing a Western region in Congress, and incidentally enjoying the hospitality of the Capital. evening, at a dance, he was seated next to his hostess, when his eye fell upon a small, wizened individual, who wore several decorations and ribbons. The attention of the M. C. was instantly attracted, and

he inquired who the personage was.
"Oh, that's Lord DeVoid!" returned his hostess; "a member of one of the noblest families of England. I think the patent of nobility was conferred upon them by Henry VII."

"Henery Seventh!" repeated the honest Representative, slowly, lost in thought. Then he suddenly turned to the lady of

"Don't you think," he asked, solemnly and confidentially, "judgin' by this here specimen, that the patent is pretty nigh expired now?'

IT OUGHT TO DO.

PIGLEY .- Shall you send your son to college? Hogson .- No; I had one set up here for him. PIGLEY .- What does it consist of?

HOGSON.—A gymnasium in the hennery, a sawdust ring in the open lot, a shell in the duck-pond, the smoke-house for a secret society, and four hundred bunches of cigarettes.

AS IT WORKS.

TOMMY .- Uncle, what 's Prohibition? UNCLE (who comes from Maine) .- A law that prevents men from getting good liquor, Tommy.

> THERE ARE maidens who worship the sun, As all anthropologists know; Their complexion is such That they don't mind it much If they freckle; for freckles don't show.

A GOOD NAME will give you the use of other men's great riches. But it 's riskier to be an endorser than a capitalist.

[T IS popularly supposed that a man is most courageous when his stomach is full. But the nightmare that nearly scares the life out of us usually comes after a hearty supper.

THE SOCIETY SKIT.

FRIEND.-Why, how is it you never sold this handsome drawing-

room scene to some of the illustrated society papers? It 's splendid!

ARTIST.—Yes; it 's pretty good. But I could n't think of any brutal insults the people in it would be making each other; and, until I do, it 's a dead loss.



"NEVER TOUCHED HIM."

WOODBY BOOTH.- The drama in which I appear is universally

BEN THAIR (hastily). - Have n't a dollar, old chap; 'pon honor! If I had, you'd be welcome to it.



BY H.C.BUNNER.

No. V.

MR. WICK'S AUNT.

THE WICK FAMILY had run the usual course of families for many, many years, and was quite old and any restrict to years, and was quite old and respectable when causes, natural and extraordinary, none of them being pertinent to this statement, reduced said family to three members, viz:

MISS ANGELICA SUDBURY WICK, of the Boston branch of the family, who lived in the house of her guardian, old Jonas Thatcher, with whom we have no further concern, and who is therefore to be considered as turned down, although in his day he was a highly respected leather merchant. MISS ANGELICA WICK was fair and sweet and good up to the last requirement of young womanhood.

MR. WINKELMAN HEMPSTEAD WICK, of the Long Island branch of the family, a distant cousin of the young lady, and a young man of conscientious mind, an accountant by profession, and very nearly ready to buy out his employer.

MR. AARON BUSHWICK WICK, also of the Long Island branch of the family, the grand-uncle of young Winkelman, who had brought up the young man in his own house, and who loved him more than anything else in the world, until, in the sixty-ninth year of his age, he fell in love with, and married a lady named Louisa Nasmyth Pine, whom we will dismiss from consideration as we dismissed the old leather merchant,

although she was a most estimable and attractive lady, and did fancy embroidery extremely well. Her only concern with this story is that she bore the elder Mr. Wick a baby, and died three or four months subsequently. But that was enough; plenty; as much as was necessary.

The way that marriage came about was this: old Mr. Wick wanted to see the Wick family perpetuated, but young Mr. Wick was one of those cautious, careful, particular men who get to be old bachelors before

they know it. No girl whom he knew was quite exactly what he wanted. If she had been, she would have been too good for any man on earth. In fact, it took young Mr. Wick a number of years to realize that any way he could marry, he could only marry a human being like himself. meanwhile his grand-uncle grew impatient; and finally he said that if Winkelman didn't fix on a girl and get her to agree to marry him by the first of next January, he, AARON BUSHWICK WICK, would marry somebody himself. Miss Louisa Nasmyth Pine, being then close on to forty, helped him to get under the line just in time to save his grand-nephew from engaging himself to an ill-tempered widow with five children is the kind of woman that those particular men generally pick up in the And it serves them right.

And so this marriage brought into existence the baby - BEATRICE BRIGHTON WICK.

Old Mr. Wick's endeavors to hand the name of Wick down to posterity were crowned, as you see, with only partial success. He had a Wick, it was true, but it was a Wick that would be put out by marriage. He found himself obliged to fall back on young Winkelman, and he bethought himself of the distant cousin in Boston. He knew nothing of her, but he reasoned that if she were a Wick, she must be everything that was lovely and desirable; and so he said to his grand-nephew:

"Wink, you know that I am a man of my word. If you will go and marry that girl, and if the two of you will take care of that confounded baby who is crying again, while I put in three or four years in Europe till it gets to some sort of a rational age, I will buy your employer out, guarantee you what is necessary for you to live on in some healthy country - no city air for that child, do you understand! - and when I die you'll be her guardian and have the usufruct of her estate and be residuary legatee and all that sort of thing."

Winkelman Wick knew that his grand-uncle was a man of his word, and that "all that sort of thing" meant a very, very comfortable sort of thing, for the old gentleman was rich, and had liberal ideas, and drank more port than was good for him. He had no fancy for marrying a strange girl, but he thought that there could be no harm in going out to Boston and taking a look at his, so far, distant cousin. Under pretense of wanting to write up the Wick genealogy, he went to Boston, and passed some time under Mr. Thatcher's hospitable roof. He found Angelica Wick all

that his fancy might have painted hor but had n't; and, as Mr. Thatcher had six daughters of his own, all of them older than Angelica, and none so good looking, he did not find any difficulty in inducing his pretty cousin to marry him - and she did not back out even when he sprung the baby contract on her. She said that she was a true woman and that she would stand by him, but that she thought it might

be a little awkward. Feminine intuition is a wonderful thing. When it is right, it is apt to be right.

The elder Mr. Wick was as good as his word, - only, as is often the case with people who pride themselves upon being as good as their word, he took his own word too seriously. He died of apoplexy shortly after land-ing at Liverpool. His will, however, was probated in New York, and thus escaped a legacy

The will fully carried out every promise he had made to his young kinsman, but he had drawn it to follow absolutely the terms of his proposition. He had never for an instant contemplated the possibility of his dying before he wanted to — people who make their wills very rarely do — and he had so drawn the document that Mr. and Mrs. Winkelman Wick could come into their inheritance only after carrying out their part of the contract, which was to take care of their aunt, Baby Beatrice Brighton Wick, for the space of four years, during which Mr. Aaron Bushwick Wick had intended, without consideration of the designs of Divine Providence, to sojourn in Europe.

This brings the situation exactly down to bed-rock. On the tenth of April, eighteen hundred and tumty-tum, Mr. Winkelman Wick and Miss Angelica Wick were married in the old Wick house on Montague Street, Brooklyn. On the twenty-fifth of April Mr. Aaron Bushwick Wick ended his journey across the Atlantic at the Port of Liverpool, England. On the twenty-seventh of April he started on that other journey for which your heirs pay your passage money - and he certainly was not happy in his starting place. On the twenty-eighth of the same month young Mr. and Mrs. Wick knew the terms of their grand-uncle's will; and on the thirtieth the old Wick mansion was in the hands of the trustees, and the young Wicks were in a hotel in charge of their baby-aunt, Beatrice, who was herself in charge of an aged Irishwoman, whose feet were decidedly more intelligent than her brain. That is one of the beauties of Ireland. can get every variety of human being there from a cherub to a chimpanzee.

They were very comfortable in the hotel, and would have liked to stay there, but that awful contract had as many ways of making itself disagreea-

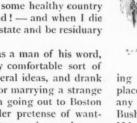
ble as an octopus has. They had pledged themselves, with and for the benefit of the baby, to a suita-

ble place in the country without unreasonable delay. Their lawyer informed them that reasonable delay meant three weeks and not one day more. As their contract began on the tenth of April, they had, therefore, one day left to them to carry out this Moreover, the conprovision. tract, after defining the phrase "a suitable country place" in

terms that would have fitted a selling advertisement of the Garden of Eden, went on to specify that no place should be considered suitable that was not at least forty miles from any city of twenty thousand inhabitants, or upward. When Mr. Aaron Bushwick Wick wanted pure country air for a baby, he wanted it pure. If he could, he would probably have had it brought in sealed bottles.

Picking a place of residence for four long years is not an agreeable

(Continued on page 182, this number.)







THE SILVER LINING.

HAROLD SPENDER fangrily). — But your demands are usury! I'll be left barely enough to live on if I pay you what I owe you at such interest.

GELDSTEIN (urbanely). Vell, vont you feel under obliga-tions to me for freeing you from the monarchical inquisition of dot ingome tax?

WHEN GABRIEL BLOWS.

GOODE. -- What is greater than man's desire for immortality? HOODE. - His desire to say "I told you so!" to the skeptic.

A DEFINITION.

An apricot is a little tree; A cot is a home that e'er beguiles The ape who's a tenant and for it pays Eight hundred plunks while the Summer smiles.



QUESTION.

RESIDENT MAINE TOWN (proudly) .- No, sir; the words Whiskey and Beer unknown in this town

DRUMMER (in anxious whisper). - What do you ask for?

FROM FRYING PAN TO FIRE.

DEACON .- We must devise some means of paying these five hundred dollars of outstanding bills against the church; we are being pressed for the money.

VESTRYMAN (in surprise). - Why, what are they for?

DEACON .- For flowers, decorations, music and so forth, furnished for the entertainment last month, to celebrate the church being at last free from debt.

A DEFINITION.

WEINBERG .- What do you call a work of art? GIVENS .- It's something you don't quite understand and that costs you a heap of money.

THE RESULT.

WILLY WILT. - Do you know, I fancy I have quite a literary bent. VAN DEMMIT. - All right, my boy; keep on and you'll be worse than bent - you'll be broke.



MRS. O'TOOLE'S JOKE.

MRS. O'TOOLE.-Why don't yez name it Pathrick? MRS. BRADY. - But it 's a gur-rl, and Oi can't be afther

naming it a man's name.

MRS. O'TOOLE.— That 's so. Still, she 'll be afther a man's name hersilf if she lives long enough.

BASIS OF JUDGEMENT.

MR. PORKINGHAM (of Kansas City) .- Now, here's a question. Who shall go first in to dinner, Mr. and Mrs. Packer, or Mr. and Mrs. McCann?

Mrs. Porkingham (with a sneer at

his ignorance). - Why, there is no question as to who takes precedence! The McCanns kill two hundred more hogs a day than the Packers.

AN OBJECTION.

WILLY .- I hate these fourring circuses.

MAMA. - Why, Willy? WILLY .- Because they use up the circus too soon. If they had

only one ring, the circus would be four times as long.

THERE WAS a price upon her head.

She was very calm. A smile played about her lips. "'T is well!"

She paused a moment in thought. "'T is well! I will take it."

Then she removed the price from her head. There was a trifle of lace, and a flower or two, of course; but the hat was mostly price.

task under conditions such as these, especially to a young couple prematurely saddled with parental cares, and equipped with only twenty days of experience in the matrimonial state. They discussed the situation for hours on end. Mrs. Wick wept, and Mr. Wick contributed more profanity than is generally used by a green husband. They even asked the Irish nurse if she could not suggest some suitable place, and they stated the whole situation to her very clearly and carefully. She thought a while, and then suggested Ballymahon, County She thought a while,

Longford, Ireland. However, indirectly, she assisted them to solve the problem. Mr. Wick told her to go to Jericho; and Mrs. Wick suddenly brightened up and said:

"Why, that 's so, Winkelman!"

Mr. Wick stared in horror at his wife. Was the sweet young thing going crazy under the strain? But no, Mrs. Wick was looking as bright as a rose after an April shower, and she grew brighter and brighter as she stood thinking in silence, nod-

ding her pretty head affirmatively, pursing her lips, and checking off the various stages of her thought with her finger tip on her cheek. Finally she said:

"And you could use the little room for a dressing room. Yes, dear, I'm quite certain it will do beautifully."

After a while Mr. Wick convinced his wife that he was not a mindreader, and then he got some information. Of course she did not stay convinced - no woman ever did. All women think that the mechanism of their thought is visible like a model in a glass case.

Mrs. Wick had forgotten that she herself owned a country house. This was more excusable than it seems on the face of it, for she had never seen the house, nor had she ever expected to see it. In fact, it was hardly to be called a house: it was only a sort of bungalow or pavilion which had once belonged to a club of sportsmen, and which her father had taken for a bad debt. It was situated in the village of Jericho, of which she knew nothing more than that her father had said that it was a good place for trout, and was accessible by several different railroads. Concerning the house itself she was better informed. She had had to copy the plans of its interior on many occasions when her guardian had made futile efforts to sell or to rent it. She also knew that the place was fully furnished, and that an old woman lived in it as care-taker, rent free, and liable to be dispossessed at any moment.

The nurse was told that they would go to Jericho with her. She only asked would the baby take her bottle now or wait till she got there?

Jericho Junction is one of those lonely and forsaken little stopping-places on the outskirts of the great woods that are the sportsman's paradise, with a dreary, brown-painted, pine box, just big enough for the ticket agent, the baggage master, the telegraph operator, the flagman, the local postmaster, and the casual or possible intending passenger. As this makes two persons in all, the structure is not large.

The casual passenger and the full corps of local railway officials were both present at Jericho Junction when the 6:30 P. M. train loomed out of the dreary, raw May twilight, and drew up in front of the little box. Now, these two occupants of the tiny station

were neighbors but not friends. Farmer Byam Beebe lived "a piece back in the country, over t'wards Ellenville South Farms." D. Wilkins, station agent, telegraph operator, and all the rest of the functionaries of Jericho Junction, dwelt in his little box, midway between Ellenville South Farms and the nearest important town, Bunker's Mills,

a considerable manufacturing settlement. A houseless stretch of ten miles separated the neighbors; but not even ten miles had stood between them and a grudge of many years' duration. Beebe hated Wilkins, and Wilkins Never mind why. They were close neighbors for that hated Beebe. region; and that more close neighbors do not kill each other testifies every day to the broad spread of Christian charity.

Mr. Beebe so hated Mr. Wilkins that he made it a regular practice to stop at the station after his day's work was done, to wait for this par-Silent and unfriendly, he would loaf in the station for an ticular train. hour and a half, and the station master dared not put him out, for he was possibly an intending passenger on the train as far as the next flag-station, which was a railroad crossing a mile and a quarter further on. Mr. Beebe never bought a ticket from Mr. Wilkins, on the occasions when he did ride. He paid his way on the cars, five cents, plus ten cents rebate-check, and this rebate-check he redeemed at Mr. Wilkins's office the next day. Furthermore, he made a point of going out just before the train arrived, and waiting on the other side of it to get in, so that Mr. Wilkins could not tell whether he boarded the train or walked off through the thick woods

that crowded down to the very edge of the

Thus it happened that as the train arrived on the evening of the first of May, Mr. Beebe, being on the farther side of the track from the railroad

station, saw an Irish nurse blunder helplessly off the platform in front of him, holding a six month's old baby in her arms, and stand staring straight before her in evident bewilderment. Mr. Beebe accosted her in all

"Your folks got off the other side, I guess. This here ain't the right side for nobody, only me." Then he prodded the baby with a large and horny finger. "How old will that young 'un be?" he inquired. horny finger.

"Six months, sorr," replied the nurse; "gahn on seven."
"Is that so?" said Mr. Beebe, with polite affectation of interest. "Folks been long married?"

"Wan month, sorr," replied the nurse.

"Which?" inquired Mr. Beebe.

"Wan month, sorr," replied the nurse.

On the other side of the train of cars, station agent John D. Wilkins saw an old-fashioned carryall drive up, conducted by an elderly woman of austere demeanor. She was dressed in

black alpaca, and her look was stern and severe, and, necessarily, highly respectable. He saw a young man and a young woman descend from the train, and saw the young man hand the young woman into the carryall behind the elderly lady. Then, as the young man turned as though to look for some one

following him, he heard the young woman say:
"Winkelman, dear, I don't care what her age is, you must spank your aunt!"

When Mr. John D. Wilkins heard what he heard, he forgot the rules of the railroad company, according to which he should have remained on the platform until the train, had left. He knew that just at 6:30 his particular crony, Mr. Hiram Stalls, telegraph operator at Bunker's Mills, and newsgatherer for the Bunker's Mills *Daily Eagle*, went off duty in his telegraphic capacity, and became an He caught Mr. Stalls in the act of saying good-

night, and he talked to him over the wire in dot and dash thus: "That you, Hi? Meet me at the station when the 7:21 gets in. I've got a news item for you that will make the Eagle scream this trip, sure.'

(Concluded in our next.)



unalloyed journalist.

RELENTLESS TIME.

"Wilt keep," I asked, "thy birthday?" The girl misunderstood; She sadly shook her head and sighed, "I only wish I could!"

THE VALUE of an exclusive taste depends on what it excludes. Some people won't read anything but the love-stories in the Weekly Scav-

T MAY take nine tailors to make a man; but we never yet heard of one hero who rejoiced over a home-made shirt.

AN OVERSIGHT.

STRANGER. - I am informed that nearly a million dollars have been expended on the statuary in the parks and squares of New York.

MR. GOTHAM.—That 's true.

"They don't appear to attract much atten-

"No; the price-marks are not on them."

"BLESSED IS THE MAN WHO EXPECTS NOTH-ING." The apathy that comes from longcontinued hard luck may bring us as much rest as good-fortune can; but it is a kind of rest that can only be taken under ground.

SUICIDAL.

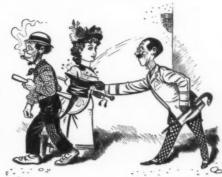
Our landlady says that fish is great For the brain - but she yet may grieve, For by feeding it to us early and late, We will soon know enough to leave.

WHEN THE Rights of Man are better understood, the Cane-and-Umbrella-Flourishing-Devil will have to walk around in a wire cage for the safety of the Public.

WHEN THE utilitarians get possession of this world, genius will simply be considered a certain form of insanity.

AN UNFORTUNATE TIP.









A CLASSIC GAME.

MISS HUBBELL (of Boston, as the ball goes over the fence, and DELEHANTY makes a home run). - Now, what do they call that? HER ESCORT.—A homer.

MISS HUBBELL (delighted). - Homer! Homer! Why, this game can't be so awfully vulgar, when they name one of the points after the greatest poet that ever lived!

HAD SEEN SOME TROUBLE.

"Have I had trouble?" asked the tall, dark man, prematurely gray. "My life for the last three years has been one of anxiety and soul-sickening worry."

"Ah! one of those unfortunates to whom life has been one long failure; a series of losses in love, wealth and happiness?"

"Worse than that, sir; worse than that! I am the manager of a Grand Opera troupe that has three famous sopranos!

EDUCATIONAL.

BROWN .- I see there 's another large

bequest been made to Yale College.

JONES. — What will they do with the money?

BROWN. — Establish a post-graduate foot-ball course.

WHEN A girl counts on her fingers, she invariably counts most on the engagement finger.

A QUESTION OF SUCCESSION.

ALGY .-- You wead about the Pwince of Wales's accident, did n't you? CHOLLY .- Yes. Lucky escape, by Jove!

ALGY .- If anything happened to the Pwince, would it be his eldest son who would decide what we should weah?

THE FIRST STEP AFTER GRADUATION

"What are you going to do with your son George when he leaves college this Summer, Mr. Hicks?"

"Oh, I don't know! I guess I 'll civilize

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

BRIDGET .- Phwere do yez be goin' th' noight?

PATRICK.—We 're goin' to mob a newspaper office. Begorry, we'll not lave wan brick above anither!

"Phwat has th' paper been sayin'?"

"It says th' Oirish ahrr not capable av silf-governmint."

NO SIMILARITY.

PRIMUS .- Don't you believe that Public Office is a Public Trust?

SECUNDUS (wearied office-seeker). - No, I don't. A trust is a thing that forces you to come into it.





Bobby (to his Mother, who is entertaining the new pastor).— Mother, did n't you tell me not to say anything about Doctor Howler's funny mouth?

MOTHER (in intense agony).— Hush, Willy, hush! Yes. BOBBY (with the air of a martyr) .- Well, I'll not!



PUCK'S POLITICAL WEATHER FORECAST FOR FOURTEENTH STREET AND VICINITY.

TERRIBLE ATMOSPHERIC DISTURBANCES, EARTHQUAKES AND BOSSQUAKES, FLOODS AND WASHOUTS.

PUCK.

A WARNING.

FRIENDS," said the stranger who had wandered into the temperance meeting, "perhaps my own experience will

be a warning to you. I began to drink fifteen years ago. At first I drank occasionally, and took a little at a time. As Nature strengthened herself to resist the poison, I had to drink oftener and more copiously to produce the desired effect. After awhile, as Nature reinforced herself, I became so that only great quantities, taken almost constantly, brought the sense of intoxication. What has been the result?

Why, that now, drink as uninterruptedly and copiously as I can, I am sobering off faster than I am getting tight. The future holds nothing for me but ultimate and hopeless sobriety. That is the legitimate and logical result of the curse of drink. I must pass the rest of my days in practically the same stupid and unexhilarated condition as that of the spiritless and doting teetotaler."

Williston Fish.

"MISS DE FLIRT announces a change of heart."
"Indeed! Whose heart is it now, I wonder?"



A BAD CASE.

ROBINSON.—How did you find Mrs. Johnson?
Mrs. ROBINSON.—Well, she says she can't complain. ROBINSON. - Can't, eh? I had no idea she was as low as that.

THE PRESENT STYLE.

The fighters who are talking fight And would each other chew and gulp, Seem to reduce each other to Naught but newspaper pulp.



SENIOR PARTNER.—Keep a close watch on De Ledger's accounts this Summer.

JUNIOR PARTNER.—Eh? Is he playing the races? SENIOR PARTNER.-Worse! He has moved to the suburbs, and is going to raise his own vegetables.

TOO MUCH.

"Going to see the Diva in 'Cavalleria' to-night?"

"You don't mean to say that they 're bringing this tank business into Italian operas!"

ATHLETICS ACROSS THE BRIDGE.

GOTHAM .- Why, old man, I always thought this town was slow; but she looks sporty, I tell you, when every man you meet wears either a sweater or a tennis blazer!

CRANBERRY. — You bet! There 's been a big revival in par-

lor-croquet and tiddle-de-winks this Spring in Brooklyn.

EMANC!PATED.

DR, CHARGEWELL .- I had fourteen cases at one place last evening. BALIWICK. - Was it an epidemic?

DR. CHARGEWELL .- No. The Young Women's Fin de Siècle Club had a smoking concert.



A NATURAL ERROR.

AMERICAN STUDENT (to young stranger).—College man, I presume? GERMAN STUDENT (the hero of a hundred Heidelberg Duels).—Yah!

AMERICAN STUDENT (with an awe-stricken glance at the scars).— My! My! Hazing or football?

CUSTOM-MADE.

he whom I love must be quite small," I said.
"I like not your tall women: quite petite,
With eyes that must perforce be raised to mine,
And small, white hands, and little, dancing feet!"
But, when we met, Love, in that hour divine,
Your honest eyes looked level into mine.

"She must be gentle—Woman's chiefest charm! Meek and submissive to my lightest frown."

But now my heart is lying at your feet:
Ah! How imperiously you smiled it down!
And I, your willing slave, from day to day
Live but to love, to honor, to obey.

"She must be fair!"

But in your rounded cheek
The red and brown do meet, in sweetest blend,
And twilight dusk is in your heavy hair;
And long black lashes added beauty lend
To your brown eyes, where, darkly-written, lie
Love's answers, in love's shy obscurity.

Most foolish I! To think that I could name Your eyes, your hair, a dimple more or less, Detail your every charm, nor thereby lose This new, best charm of unexpectedness! Most foolish I! Is not all time recorder That love-suits never can be made to order?

Hilda Johnson

CHINA'S WEAK POINT.

BUNKER.—The papers say that the Chinese government proposes to treat Americans exactly as the Chinese are treated in this country.

TUNKER. — They can't do it! They have n't any hoodlums.

ON LODGE NIGHTS.

"William," observed the lady goat, "you look irritated."
"Yes," rejoined her husband. "I wish I could divine
the purpose of this Lease gang. Will they affect the bifurcated, or must I wear a side-saddle?"

TO ERR is human; to forgive, masculine.

HAD A FINGER IN THE PIE — The late missionary among the cannibals.

THE COUNTERFEITER never takes more than a passing interest in his business.



THE FIRST WATERPROOF.

ADAM.—You are certainly not going out in all this rain, my dear? You'll catch your death of cold.

EVE (complacently).—Oh, I'm all right! You see, this dress is made from leaves of the rubber-tree

A MYSTERY.

BROOKLYNITE.— You are not much interested in the agitation about trolley accidents.

NEW YORKER.— I would be if I could see any reason why the people of Brooklyn should be so passionately fond of life.

A SURE THING - Your Feminine Opponent.

"The stuff of which heros are made" — Wood Pulp and Printer's Ink.

A STRANGE CONDITION OF AFFAIRS.



This is the way our clothes look to us when the tailor tries them on in his shop.



And this is how they look when we try them on at home before our own glass.

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A SERIOUS CASE.

A SERIOUS CASE.
WIFE. — You must
send me away for my
health at once. I am
going into a decline.
HUSBAND. — My!
My! What makes you
think so?

WIFE. — All my dresses are beginning to teel comfortable.—
New York Weekly.

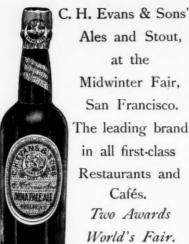
A LOVE-MATCH.

A LOVE-MATCH.

FRIEND.— Edith
married for money,
did n't she?
CLARA.— No, indeed. He is rich, but
she is dreadfully in
love with him. Why,
when he comes in late,
she just sits and scolds
him by the hour.—
N. Y. Weekly.

PREJUDICE is blind om birth. — Ram's

Vigor, vitality and a healthy appetite, impart-ed by a little Angostura Bitters every morning, Sole manufacturers, Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. At all druggists.



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A MAGNIFICENT AG-

GREGATION.
"It 'll be a great
how when it hapshow when it hap-pens," said the flip-pant citizen.
"When what hap-

pens?"
"When Coxey's walking match consolidates with the senatorial talking match."
—Washington Star.

TRUE GRIT.

MOTHER.-Were n't you hurt when all that snow tumbled off the roof and hit you?

SMALL SON. —

Yes'm.
"You did n't cry?"
"No'm. I thought some of the boys threw it."— Street & Smith's Good News.

As a sure specific against all troubles of the stomach, and also ne stomach, and also as an appetizer, and for the preparation of the refined drinks of the bar, nothing is superior to Boker's BITTERS. Renowned since 1828.



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MAN (using ancient jest in con-tempt of his interlocutor).— No; water 's dangerous.

TEMPRINCE CRANK (sarcastically). - Perhaps you prefer bee-er?

MAN. - No; beer 's getting to be about as bad. TEMPRINCE CRANK.

Oh, I did n't suppose you'd own it!

MAN .- It's true, though. They are getting to put so much water in it.

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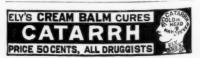
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PAPA. — What is wrong with him; some simple little ailment?

simple little ailment?

MAMA. — No; he has washed his face twice without being told.—Inter (cean.

HARD LUCK — A horse-shoe. — Harvard Lampoon.

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MAMA. — Robby, why is it that you always quarrel with the little girl next door?

ROBBY. — 'Cause she won't ever hit a fellow like boys do.—

Inter Ocean.

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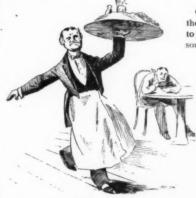
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Inter Ocean.

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THE ONE. - Did

perly? THE OTHER.—No; who 's the woman?— Harvard Lampoon.



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-Truth.

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-Atchison Globe.

THE man who is easiest approached is usually hardest to get away from.—Atchison



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SI FISHER.-I 've run outer material for fish stories for more 'n a year, an' I 've come nigh losin' my reputation. Now I'm fixed for the rest o' my life.

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Clogging of the pores or mouths of the sebaceous glands with sebum or oily

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ONE OF THEM.-

There goes young Jack D'Or. They say his income is so large he can't get rid of it!

THE OTHER ONE.

-Oh! so he 's a single man, then? - Truth.

"IT seems to me the Joneses don't love their baby very much." MAMA.— Why not,

LOTTY.-Well, they only took four months to find a name for it.—
Inter Ocean.

"Do you think you will enjoy the opera when it will be all in French?"

MRS. SMALLPAY.—

You silly boy! Don't all the people in the boxes talk English?— Inter Ocean

GEORGE WASHINGTON took great delight in drink-ting Marie Brizard & Ruger Appete with General Lafayette at his home in

where.
Which Square, New York.

The Columbia Bicycle Frame

is a double diamond frame excep-tionally graceful in design. It is light and tough to the highest degree, and is fully guaranteed. Made under our own supervision, in our own factory, of our own finest cold drawn seamless steel tubing, with every joint and part scientifically tested, it is a worthy backbone for a famous wheel.

POPE MEG. CO..

Boston, New York, Chicago, Hartford.

out Columbias in our illus-logue, which you can obtain ar agencies, or by mail for

RATHER TOPHEAUV.

Boy .-- That toy boat ou sold me is no good. DEALER.— What 's

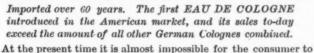
wrong with it?
Boy.--It won't stand Boy.—It won't stand up. Flops right over quick as I put it in the water. Guess you thought I wanted it for a man-of-war. Street & Smith's Good News.

WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

FIRST OLD MAID .--

Well, you know mar-riage is a lottery, and I truly believe it. SECOND DITTO.— So do 1! But where do you suppose I could get a ticket?—Truth.

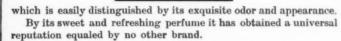
IT is no disgrace for a woman to make a mistake in marrying—every woman does it.—Atchison Globe.



select the desired article from the numerous Farina Colognes offered to the public.

To obtain the finest Eau de Cologne, be sure and accept none but the old and well known

"No. 4711,"



SOLE UNITED STATES AGENTS,

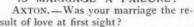
MÜLHENS & KROPFF, New York.





PUCK'S PAINTING-BOOK 50 Cents.

IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?



EXTON (sadly). - Yes; on my part. Had I been gifted with second sight I'd never have married.

Don't Diet.—If you have dyspepsia, indigestion, habitual constipation or sick headache, don't diet. You need the strength that good food gives. Eat whatever you want, but take one of Dr. Deane's Dyspepsia Pills after meals until cured. If you are constipated get bottle with white label, otherwise with yellow. For sale by drugglest generally, and by Dr. J. A. Deane Co., Kingston, S. Y.

Sterilized Milk

is the only safeguard against the many diseases insidiously promulgated by ordinary milk. You may rest assured that the contents of every can of Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream are thoroughly sterilized.

ELFRIDA.—Will we tell you who wrote "Paradise and the Peri?" Of course; with pleasure. We wrote it. The story of the poem is that a Peri wanted to get into Paradise, and did various things to win the admiration of the angel who stood at the gate. In the first and second rounds the Peri failed to get there; but in the third round it returned with the prize that caused the angel to smile with favor on the candidate for admittance into the lovely precinct. The object that on the candidate for admittance into the lovely precinct. The object that caused the gates to swing ajar was Pickings from Puck, which is now exceedingly on deck for 25 cents.



Catalogue free.



MODEL G.

No handsomer wheel in the market than our

light roadster, Model G, which weighs only thirty-one pounds, and is the strongest wheel for its weight in the world.

HICKORY WHEEL CO.,

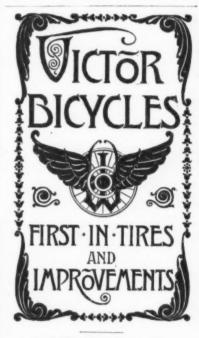
South Framingham, Mass.

ought to be fat. They are sickly when thin and thin when their food does not nourish them.

the cream of Cod-liver Oil and hypophosphites, makes babies fat and well, strengthens growing children and nourishes mothers. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggista.



OVERMAN WHEEL CO.

NEW YORK.

PHILADELPHIA. CHICAGO.

DETROIT.



The American Tobacco Co., Successor.

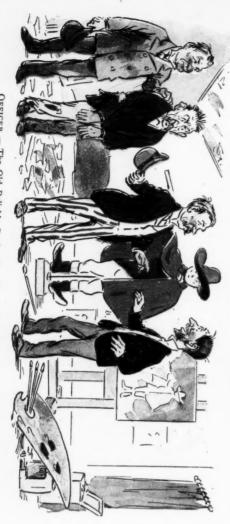
WATCHES Do you want a "Jules Jur-original cost? Good as new. The only correct Timers. Address J. H. T., P. O. Box 519, New York City.



MR. DOBSON SMUDGES.—It's no use;—this "Highwayman" will be a failure;—I can't paint it from a lay-figure, and I ve no money to hire a model. I guess I'll commit suicide!



what's that



Officer. — The Old Reliable Bank offers fifteen hundred dollars reward for this man's capture. Meet us there in an hour; you 're entitled to half of it.



DESPERATE CHARACTER. — They 're gaining on me — I'll jump through this sky-light, and I may get away yet!



DESPERATE CHARACTER.—Hold on!—Tell yer friend not to shoot, Mister—I'll surrender peaceable!



Mr. Dobson Smudges, the talented genre painter, whose heroic capture of a desperate bank burglar made such a sensation, gave a supper to several friends in his luxurious attlier, last evening.— Daily Paper.